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cussion argues that the most vitalizing hold on truth or reality and the most significant judgments of value are in terms of the imagery connected with the "intimate sensory processes" rather than that of the "defining sensory processes," that is, the spatial and relational functions to which the so-called "higher" senses are addicted. Philosophy needs such a redefinition of its field and problems as will allow the immediacy values conditioned by the intimate senses as fundamental a place as have those connected with the life of cognition. Ethics, esthetics and the science of religion should be made to feel at home in the philosophical household as legitimate children and not as orphans and foundlings. Such a redefinition might be this: philosophy is the expression, in definite form, for the sake of intercommunication, of the highest values; and by "highest" one should mean most highly organized and integrated, most significant and satisfying and giving promise of abiding worth.

These values will fall naturally into three classes, the first two conditioned heavily by the defining functions and the third by the intimate sensory and imaginal processes: (a) metaphysics (Being), (b) epistemology (Knowledge), and (c) worth and value as such (Meaning).

The full recognition of the immediacy values and their psychological setting will not only give ethics, esthetics and the science of religion a "ground-floor" place in philosophy, but will help "solve" the problems of being and knowledge. It will certainly cut under many of the deadlocks and impasses created by the conceptual and judgmental processes.

The history of philosophy has been chronically fond of tracing out simply the record of system-building. It may well become more hospitable to the wisdom of poets, such as Browning and Tennyson, to the religious writers as set forth in the Upanishads and the Sermon on the Mount and to the message of art as expounded by Wagner and Rodin. Emerson, Marcus Aurelius and Confucius have as rightful place in a course in Ethics as have Bentham, Shaftesbury and Martineau.

Philosophy as a whole might gain by feeding a little less on the "chopped straw" (James) of conceptual systems and a little more on the bread of life.

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PHILOSOPHY AS WORK AND PLAY

I N Miss Parkhurst's sprightly and interesting account of the recent meeting of the Eastern Division of the Philosophical Association, I find a somewhat distorted report of the distinction

that I drew between two classes of philosophical problems. That she—and, very likely, others—should have failed to get my exact point is of no consequence. But the point itself seems to me worth serious attention.

My contention was that all philosophy can be divided into two parts, the one containing those problems that have appreciable practical bearings, the other containing those whose solution would make no or slight difference to practise. That there are problems of this latter class I am convinced; among them I place the epistemological problem which seven of us have co-operated in analyzing in the volume, Essays in Critical Realism, recently published. We think that our solution is the right one. But so far as I can see, the acceptance of our solution rather than that of, say, the neo-realistic sextet, would have no practical bearing upon anybody's conduct—except, of course, in the specific matter of affecting how he should thereafter write or teach upon that particular subject.

Now the devotion to such impractical problems I called "play," in the broad sense of the term. That is, it is an activity that exists not as a means to something else, but for its own sake. It is its own excuse for being, like the greater part of our artistic activity, our games and sports, and much of what we call "culture." Metaphysics is not only a "genteel" substitute for chess, it is a glorious, exhilarating substitute. Focusing our minds as it does upon the cosmos, its origin or nature or destiny, or some aspect of our situation in it, it deals with real rather than with artificial problems, and so is, for those qualified to pursue it, in the words of another member of our association, "the king of indoor sports."

The fact that the discussion—or even the solution—of these problems is not doing the work of the world is no objection to it. Not only when the millennium comes, but right now, it is well for us to play as much as is consistent with the more serious duties which demand out attention. Our hope should be to increase from generation to generation the amount of time and energy that may be left over from the work of life for sheer enjoyment. Whether we find that enjoyment in metaphysics or in music or in the higher mathematics or in history or in travel, is of relatively minor importance. These, and many other such, are legitimate satisfactions, worthy of being cultivated.

But I can not help feeling that it is yet too soon in the world's history for us to dally too exclusively with play. There are millions of men and women suffering or dying for lack of the prevalence of reason in the ordering of human life. The student of philosophy is in a position to help. He can formulate and teach insights that will have their part in bringing order out of confusion, in replacing

injustice and cruelty by justice and happiness. It is by no means calling the philosopher aside from his historic function to ask him to consider these more practically urgent problems. On the contrary, the historic philosophers have often been of very great service in this way.

Professor Mecklin is right, of course, in saying that the philosopher is not (qua philosopher) a social reformer. He usually must leave to others the actual application of his ideas. He is a thinker, teacher, writer. But his analyses and generalizations and explanations and analogies may be very valuable to the social reformer—if he devotes a considerable part of his thought to the consideration of the moral conflicts and confusions of his day. Professor Mecklin stressed this practical value of philosophy, and I am not aware of any disagreement between us.

But when Miss Parkhurst puts into my mouth the utterance that "the contemplation of ideas is justifiable in that it satisfies a harmless human impulse," she forgets my exact wording and the context of the statement. I was speaking of the interest in problems that have inappreciable practical bearing. There is, of course, just as much scope for the contemplation of ideas in the wide field of problems that have practical bearing. I would have the intellect harnessed up in the service of life—more students of philosophy devoting themselves to the more fruitful forms of intellectual activity. Heaven knows we need intellectual activity; but we need it at the points where it will change something. This is not "anti-intellectualism" in the technical sense; it is pragmatism only in the very loose sense of that term in which it means a predominating interest in what bears upon practise.

Professor Pratt declared that the function of philosophy is to foster the life of the spirit. Well and good. But what is the life of the spirit? Is it a retreat from the world, a self-indulgent dreaming, a building of cosmic air-castles, a contemplation of ideas in vacuo? Or is it a dedication of our minds and hearts and wills to ideas and ideals that will help to make reason prevail in the practical exigencies of life?

There is room for disagreement, of course, as to the degree in which any given philosophical problem is practical. Personally, I believe that many of the most *interesting* problems of philosophy have slight logical bearing upon conduct. Are relations external or internal? Is there a realistic universe? Was there a First Cause? Is there a God? Is determinism or indeterminism true? Are we immortal? We should like to know, we enjoy speculating on these problems; it is worth while, if only to rid our minds of a lot of rubbish that commonly passes for knowledge. But whatever

answers we give to such questions, our interests and duties remain essentially the same.

My plea was that we spare more time from the discussion of these fascinating and time-honored problems for the investigation of our actual human interests, and the means to their realization. There is at present so much darkness here, so much prejudice, so much obscuring passion, men and women are floundering so piteously and making such a mess of their lives, that their Macedonian cry should indeed meet with response from philosophy. There is work here for everybody. The rational ordering of human life on earth is a task that needs the economist, the statesman, the sociologist, and a hundred others; but it needs the philosopher too.

Keep on, then, metaphysicians, epistemologists, historians, North Pole explorers, and all the rest, in your attempts to gratify your insatiable curiosity. We too are eager to know what can be known in these far-off fields. But do not assume airs, as if you were the priests and guardians of man's highest instincts. There are, after all, more urgent affairs to be attended to just now. And the greatest philosopher, like the greatest poet, is he whose vision is like a pillar of fire, showing the way in which they shall walk to those who are bearing the brunt of the battle, doing the work of the world.

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REVIEWS AND ABSTRACTS OF LITERATURE

Pascal. Karl Bornhausen. Basel: Verlag von Friedrich Reinhardt. 1920. Pp. xi + 286.

Professor Bornhausen, formerly of Marburg, now of Breslau, has already made notable contributions to Pascal research (*Die Ethik Pascals*, 1907). His present work is the "first historical-critical biography of Pascal in German." It was written almost wholly while the author was a prisoner of war in France.

Bornhausen divides Pascal's life into three periods: to the death of his father 1651, between the world and the new birth 1651–1655, and the new life 1655–1662. At the appropriate chronological points appear translations of the more important minor writings of Pascal, based largely on a critical revision of Herber-Rohow's translation; but only a few lines are quoted from the *Provinciales* and the *Pensées*. While this method doubtless has a practical justification, the result is less than justice to the rich content of Pascal's masterpieces.

Some of the author's theses are briefly to be summarized as follows. The *Discours sur les passions de l'amour* is genuine, although it is possible to doubt it. Pascal owed nothing of importance to